THE EXAMINER,

A Sunday Paper,

ON POLITICS, DOMESTIC ECONOMY, AND THEATRICALS,

FOR THE YEAR 1812.

PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW.—*SWIFT.*

LONDON:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY JOHN HUNT, AT THE EXAMINER OFFICE,
MAIDEN LANE, COVENT GARDEN.

1812.

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PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MEN; FOR PARTICULAR GOOD, OR GENERAL ILLS.

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PREFACE.

THE usual task of the little Prefaces affixed to these Volumes has been to call to mind the honour done us by an ex-officio information, and the pleasure afforded us by its disappointment. The former we have again to record; and if the latter, for the first time, has not accompanied it, the feelings that we anticipated in case of such a reverse, have not deceived us. But the Reader has already heard enough on this subject, and will excuse us from repetitions, which, when not immediately called for by the warmth of the moment, may have an appearance of boasting.

The time for professions, however, has now, we trust, more than passed by,—at least on political points; for in the lighter department of the Paper,—the Theatrical,—the Editor is still conscious that he has something to recover,—not of impartiality, indeed, or even of skill when about it,—but of attentiveness and zeal. For this deficiency, fatigue of the subject must in some sort apologize, but sickness and a non-command of his evening hours more. Arrangements will be made, that shall secure the entertainment of his Theatrical Readers during his imprisonment; so that it will be no loss to *them* at any rate,—and to nobody at all, he hopes, in the end,—neither to his Brother nor himself of their power to exert themselves, nor to the Readers at large of their regular accompaniment at breakfast, nor to Englishmen in general of a consistent and chearful example.

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PREFACE.

THE usual lack of the little Preface allotted to these Volumes has been to call to mind the honour done us by an erroneous indication, and the pleasure afforded us by its disappointment. The former we have engage to record; and if the latter, for the first time, has not accompanied it, the feelings that we anticipated in case of such a reverse, have not deserted us. But the Reader has already heard enough on this subject, and will excuse us from repetition, which, when not immediately called for by the warmth of the moment, may have an appearance of boasting.

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